

# The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1914

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast  
are served together with unfailing regu-  
larity in the best homes of Richmond.  
Is your morning program complete?

## The War Tax

IT speaks well for the condition of the country and the temper of its people that the prospect of paying a \$100,000,000 war tax, to make good the decrease in customs receipts, is faced without perturbation or objection. The people know that the money will be needed, and that the method of collecting it will be such as to cause them the least inconvenience. If we said that this attitude is another vote of confidence in President Wilson's administration, we should be stating a fact. But we shall content ourselves with inviting the collector to call.

## Baltimore's Centennial

BALTIMORE has planned and is conducting this week the centennial celebration of the national anthem, but it is the country's celebration. "The Star Spangled Banner" is neither in words nor music a masterpiece, but it is a song which stirs, because it was written in stirring times, dashed off at the white heat of patriotism, and because it reminds of the bravery and steadfastness of Americans in defense of their country. The celebration of so important an event as the composition of the song which has moved millions, and will move other millions in the future, cannot be regarded as the celebration of one city, just because it was written there or just because that city conceived and executed the idea of its celebration. Honor to Baltimore for doing it and success to the celebration, but we claim our share in it.

## Signs of the Mexican Times

WHILE railroads in Europe are practically altogether given over to the transportation of troops and munitions of war, cheerful comes that the first through Pullman sleeper in over two years from the United States has arrived safely in Mexico City. The incident may be called a small one, and it is no means indicative that the republic to the south of us may not have lapses into ructions. Still, it is worth something in these gloomy days to know that the pleasant ways of peace are being resumed in a hitherto peaceful land.

Another welcome note in the Mexican news is the report that arms in large quantities are being given up. He is a hopeless pessimist who sneers that for every weapon surrendered there are withheld. It may be true, but not so very long ago the instruments of killing were in actual use, with no thought what of giving any of them up. In these hard days, let us be thankful for whatever peaceful mercies are vouchsafed us.

## SOB Resistance Surprises the Germans

THERE must be some truth in the frequent repeated reports that captured German officers express amazement at the resistance they have encountered on their way to Paris. At first we were disposed to doubt these reported statements, coming as they did from the other side, and as the resistance of the allies was not at all a matter of astonishment to American observers. But now there is such a stream of these reports that we must conclude that the Germans believed that when their machine was properly started the end of all opposition would quickly come.

This, of course, is similar to the faith an inventor may have in a machine before it is tried under real working conditions. The German war machine is such a very terrible affair in personnel and organization that it may well be that its constituents thought it could never meet effective resistance. It is true that the machine has steadily advanced, but at how awful a cost to itself in human lives and how much more than it has ever hoped to do. And, up to the moment that this is being written, the all-conquering machine has accomplished practically nothing more by way of actual performance than proving its ability to pay a most awful price to conduct military maneuvers on the greatest scale of all.

In the end, it may prove that the weak spot in the German armor was the belief that 1870 was also the fateful year of 1914.

## Hands Off the Jam!

NO good Britisher is going to have the slightest disturbance of his breakfast arrangements, if he knows it. You may invite him to battle, and lampoon him on the stage, you may mock his monocle and set him down in history as the fellow who sees the point of the joke not earlier than two weeks after every one else has finished laughing. He will stand all this patiently, but when you threaten to deprive him of his cold cut or his peculiarly national breakfast, you touch him where he winces. You make him stand with his back to the wall. He will die right there.

Ambassador Page records by cable that the English authorities appealed to by numerous Britishers who feared the worst, has prohibited the exportation of any jam or marmalade whatever. Jam and marmalade are the indispensable of the English breakfast. Without jam and marmalade, there would be no breakfast. Tea would be as inviting as den water, the breakfast roll would be like stone, eggs poached would fall flat on the toast and refuse to play. Without jam and marmalade on his breakfast table, the Britisher would be in a state of misery all day. He would tear up things at the office and get his accounts all out of balance at the shop.

It would be a case of the demitition how-  
wows for England.

And why not? Supposing any untoward event should threaten our breakfast in New England, that honorable institution that brings indignation by suggestion to the worshiper of corn pone in the beloved South? Imagine exportation stripping Boston of its morning beans! Consider the awfulness of no ham and eggs for breakfast in Virginia! Really, England is justified in its alarm. By all means, let them place an embargo on jam and marmalade. The average Britisher is discreditable enough in his austere exterior, without adding this calamitous deprivation to gnaw his vitals and torture his soul!

## The Battle Reporter

THEY do things differently these days. When Sedan fell, when China defied the world, when Japan and Russia mixed in civilities, when Admiral Dewey went to Manila Bay, when they assassinated Madero and later chased Huerta, the war correspondent had plenty of chance to write. He was there. It's not that way now. England limits America to one man at the front to represent all news agencies, and the czar—beg pardon, the Kaiser!—orders newspaper men shot without trial on sight. Censors Belgian, censor British, censor Austrian, censor French, censor German, censor Japanese—they all censor.

What chance has the war correspondent to do any individual work? Whose fine artistic touch can be recognized when the censors have finished with the little the reporter dares write? In Mexico, the correspondents all sat around Vera Cruz complaining that all that was nothing to write about, and to fill this void, Richard Harding Davis called several columns about himself. And now that all the correspondents in the world could not begin to scrape the surface of the great conflict, not a single individually big story has come from Europe, and quite probably we shall have to worry through with censored scraps until the only uncensored scrap there is has been settled.

It's a pity. Not only is the world hungry for authentic news, but the world is hungrier for the impression of a Kipling at the front. Just one big, sounding, rich word picture of a single battle, written without restraint and slipped by the censors, would change the front page of every newspaper in America. And for that one story we may have to wait until the occasion is days, weeks, months, perhaps years old—until the manuscript is yellow and crinkled.

Yea, verily, they do things differently these days! The war correspondent seems to have taken his place with the single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun.

## The Great Ladies to Take a Hand

RHODE ISLAND'S Newport may yet gain fame in other ways than by being the scene of monkey dinners, lawn fetes, where the jewels outnumber the stars of heaven, masked balls that cost \$100,000 to "stage," and little things of that sort, which occasionally come to public attention. Now, according to the doubtless voracious correspondent, the hostesses of Newport are earnestly seeking an answer to this momentous question: "How can the leading women of America be of best use at home?"

It might be said that they can be of immediate use by dismissing from their minds the notion that the Newport hostesses are, in fact, the leading women of America. That is rather a high title, and many persons believe that it more truly belongs to such women as Jane Addams, of Chicago's Hull House, than to the most brilliant hostess that ever captivated a fortune-hunting sprig of foreign nobility.

This phase of possible Newport utility may be passed over for a glance at what the ladies themselves propose. It is in their intention, proceeds the correspondent, "to guard the best interests of the United States at this juncture" by spending their money at home.

While it is not quite clear to the non-Newport mind just where else they could spend their money "at this juncture," we hail with respectful joy this evidence of Newport patriotism, which will doubtless continue to animate them so long as the "juncture" endures. We imagine that the Newport tradesmen will also hail it with joy. It may hold out the hope to them that henceforth their little bills will be more promptly paid than they were before the present "juncture."

## Labor and Peace

AT the Richmond Fair Grounds to-day will be a small part of that vast body of men in whom is centered the hope that some time the world would be at peace. Statesmen and diplomats, however honest and sincere, and however great their efforts, cannot insure against war. Where Sir Edward Grey failed, many others have failed in the past, and left to themselves, will fail in the future. Though all but one of them want peace, that one, if he have the power, is sure to plunge nations into war. For he does not pay. The laboring man, by whom we mean all who work for themselves and for society, and all for whom war is misery and peace prosperity and opportunity, is the man who pays, and he is going to be the man who shall say if he wishes to pay. Now war is declared with or without his desire or consent; then war will be declared only with his consent or desire. Which means, we believe, that there will be no war.

It will not come in a day. He cannot do it all by himself. But he will have the help and support of dreamers and visionaries with the practical sense to see that there is no sense in killing human creative engines and destroying mechanical engines of construction. He will have the help and support of chancelleries, and will serve as an effective check upon those whose ambition, temper or false patriotism could, under earlier conditions, set off the explosion. Greater democracy and a greater recognition of the blessings and righteousness of peace will bring peace. And labor is working to both ends.

The man who suggests that now is the time for the Boers to rise against England, forgets that since they came under the Union Jack no lame shoemakers have been beaten by military officers.

While we are all absolutely neutral, the well-known future historian will have no difficulty in determining which side had American sympathy.

If Turkey wishes to lose Constantinople the best way to do it is to get into this war.

A victory in the field is worth two dozen in the headlines.

Now that Kipling has mobilized the war can go on.

## WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

The Fredericksburg Star thinks "It would be a very good thing for baseball" if the Boston Braves should win the National League pennant. Most people seem to think the same thing, but it is because of the splendid fight the Braves have put up more than anything else that we are wishing them luck.

What has the Petersburg Index-Appeal, official executor of monsters, to say to this from the Charlottesville Progress: "How about the report from the Tax Commission? There is certainly one good page in it." Spelling the title of a poem written is a mild indiscretion compared to that.

The Lynchburg Advance doesn't believe the story that the French are considering the advisability of surrendering Paris in order to save it from destruction, because it is not convenient that surrender would save it. It didn't save Louvain.

"The Turk in a Quandary," headlines the Staunton Leader. If he gets into this European war he will be in a bake oven.

Birthday celebrations among Virginia weeklies are numerous this month. The Northampton Times announces the close of its twelfth year and the beginning of its thirteenth. Here's hoping for many times twelve more years and increasing prosperity all the while.

The Manassas Journal calls it the "Columbus" State. And is that all the fame the prince of paragraphs receives?

The Times-Dispatch refers to the "youthful editor" of the Halifax News. Taking it for granted that he meant us, we thank him, though we do wish he would remember the name of our paper. The Halifax Gazette. Our apologies have already been sent.

Good news for lovers of good victuals comes from Franklin by way of the Tidewater News. "We venture the prediction that there'll be more 'hog and hominy' produced in the South next year than ever before in our history," it says. Here's hoping you are a great old prophet, boy!

"Personally, the editor will be glad when the election shall have been held and the war shall have ended," says the Eastern Shore Herald, and asks: "Will not all our readers say 'Amen' to that?" Here's one that will, and right heartily.

"The President continues to keep a cool head," says the Northern Neck News. And his opponents still have cold feet.

Having reported the death of Pope Pius several times before the Pope died, the Southwest Times told Thursday of the fall of Kianchau. Now the Germans will have to be as considerate as was the Pope.

"War is horrible," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch, "but it helps make folks forget many other horrors." Cutting a man's head off makes him forget the toothache.

## RANDOM COMMENT ON "DOWN HOME" VIEWS

The Durham Herald finds a faint rift in the clouds in the belief that "if you continue to kill them off at the rate of a hundred thousand a day this war cannot last forever."

The Greensboro Daily News is complaining because circus performers do not come during vacation time. If his children can't go can't he think up some other excuse?

These outlings from the Asheville Citizen are respectfully referred to whomsoever is the official censor of Tarheelism:

"Here is where Uhland," says the Greensboro News in reference to some recent outpourings from Asheville. How can Europe as in so heathenly.

"And then this," "What will the Hindu" asks the Columbia State. Well, he Malay out a few Germans.

"Germany is said to be ready to end the war," says the Raleigh Times. "The efficiency of the German army has been proved, and that is all the Kaiser was in earnest about, we are told. If the other countries will fall in line, in case Germany is not bluffing, the end of the foolish business would come soon. Too many 'ifs.' The outlook for peace shortly scarcely exists."

Says the Greensboro Record, taking a fling at Asheville: "If the people who visit Western North Carolina every summer are any sign we do not see that that section needs to raise anything but the price of board and lodging to become millionaires. A man was asked what was the chief industry of Asheville, and his reply was, 'Living off Yankees.' But at this date they are living off others besides Yankees. The editor of the Greensboro Record should spend his vacations at Virginia resorts."

The Henderson Gold Leaf has been changed into a daily. The Raleigh News and Observer thus makes note of the fact: "We are a little late" in felicitating the Henderson Gold Leaf on its daily edition, but the management of that paper is showing great energy and enterprise. The daily Gold Leaf must be very acceptable to the people of Henderson."

"A member of the Prussian general staff is said to have written an article in the New York Times, in which he said that the United States may soon win the war. This alleged publication came to us by way of London, a circumstance which makes its genuineness more questionable than if it had come direct from Germany. There is nothing questionable about the publication, which was written some time before the present war broke out."

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS

**Old Coins.**  
Coins listed by E. C. F., T. H. Green and E. L. N. are not worth selling.

**Natural Bridge.**  
What is the width of the Natural Bridge in Virginia? A. E. H.  
Average width is about sixty feet.

**Kindergarten.**  
How many kindergartens are there in the kindergarten schools in Richmond? MRS. C. T. E.  
Telephone to the City School Superintendent's office.

**Verses Wanted.**  
Can you publish for me the verses, "Scum of the Earth"? MISS C. E. S.  
We shall be pleased to have some other reader send copy.

**England.**  
Please tell me the area of England and of Scotland and the square distance across to Ireland. MISS M. L. HARRISON  
51,000; 31,200 square miles. The shortest way across is from the Mull of Cantyre in Scotland to Fair Head, thirteen miles.

**Unanswered Letters.**  
A number of letters are unanswered because no name is signed to them. One contains quite a lot of queries of interest. Correspondents must sign real names. This will not be printed if there is objection. The initials or any other form of signature may be used in the paper, but we must know the name of the writer or a letter or we shall not make reply to it. This statement has been made some fifty times and still unsigned letters continue to come.

## Current Editorial Comment

**Why Should Uncle Sam Intervene?**  
It would be interesting to learn of any cargo awaiting shipment anywhere and unable to depart for lack of a ship to carry it. There are plenty of ships awaiting cargoes, but there are no cargoes which are not carried for reasons of lack of freight accommodation. "Charter rates weak on idle tonnage" is a head line in the Journal of Commerce. Speculation in the body of the article is that there is "a surplus of idle tonnage in Atlantic ports, with a marked decrease in the volume of freights offering."

**Modern Naval Terms Are Confusing**  
The term "light cruiser," frequently occurring in war dispatches, is new and is liable to mislead the casual reader. It suggests a small vessel, one employed in a minor service, whereas it may be applied to cruisers of large displacement and heavy armament. The origin of the term may be traced back to the desire of the British admiralty to designate for vessels of this class, heavily armored, and very some measure protected against the enemy's fire by their construction. It designates vessels that have only deck armor and those that are without even this shield.

**Opportunity for Trade With Brazil**  
The imports of Brazil last year amounted to \$225,500,000. Her exports were a trifle less, \$215,165,000. The United States took nearly one-third of all Brazil's exports—\$162,000,000 worth. But American sales to Brazil during that twelve months were only half as large—footing up to \$51,000,000.

The figures vouchsafed by the Pan-American Union, show where a big opportunity lies waiting for American manufacturers and merchants. Of all Brazil's important customers and supply agents, the United States is the only one in the world. The present war has ended this country should be selling as much in Brazil as we buy from that country.

**Why Worry With These Coming In?**  
I would worry about wars alarms when the list of September 1914, and this is a current call? Who would fret about tottering dynasties and the crash of nations when the savor of the world is in the air, and the glorious months of the year are being lived? The world is in the air, and the glorious months of the year are being lived.

**Reveries and oysters?** Dreams of marsh and sea, only he who has himself hunted the recollections of the past, when the sun shone down upon his cheek, knows to the full the real savor of this food. And with what recollections, only he who has himself hunted the recollections of the past, when the sun shone down upon his cheek, knows to the full the real savor of this food.

**Random Comment on "Down Home" Views**  
The Durham Herald finds a faint rift in the clouds in the belief that "if you continue to kill them off at the rate of a hundred thousand a day this war cannot last forever."

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Letters to the Editor should not be over 250 words in length, and the name and address of the writer must accompany each communication, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write in plain English, and use plain language. If manuscript is to be returned, please enclose a stamped envelope, and return it to the Editor. Letters concerning the European war will not be published.

## A Truthful Correspondent

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir, I was on a crowded car to-day and every passenger moved up to the front as soon as he entered the car. BARON MUNCHHAUSEN  
Richmond, September 6, 1914.

## Ignorance or Determination?

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir, The most remarkable thing about the protocol signed by the British, Russian and French governments, as reported in to-day's papers, is the substance of the statement that the allies will win. Upon whether that is overconfidence or a sign of determination, I am not sure. But it is a sign of determination. Upon whether that is overconfidence or a sign of determination, I am not sure. But it is a sign of determination.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE

**Grand Larceny.**  
Compliments are intended for young and beautiful women, but elderly women take them. Ed. Howe's Monthly.

**Mr. Atkins's Marching Song.**  
While England waits for news of the "Twenty-third of Waterloo" without song or cheer, Tommy Atkins is going into battle singing this hit:

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know  
Good-bye, Good-bye!

**Parade of the Little Soldiers.**  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know  
Good-bye, Good-bye!

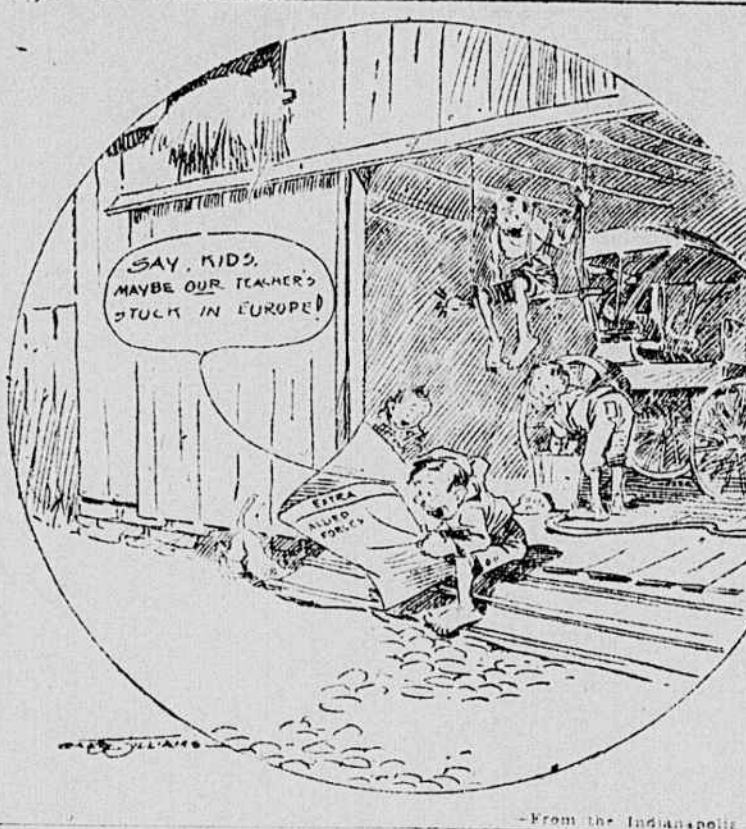
**Tender-Hearted.**  
One day I was in a country store when a sweet little four-year-old girl came toddling in and bought a nickel's worth of candy. A little kitten rubbed against her leg and purr. She laid her candy down on a box to play with the kitten. When she tried to play she went to get her candy again. But it was gone. Some one had stolen it. Her little face became sad. Something seemed to choke her. Big tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Poor little thing! I felt so sorry for her that I gave half a stick of it back to her.—Lippincott's.

**The Typist's "Accessories."**  
The Emperor of Germany stopped before a typewriter in a room adjoining his cabinet, at which a young woman was engaged in copying a manuscript. He glanced at her and was struck by her skill and then his glance was attracted to a half-open drawer in her work table. The young woman, somewhat disturbed by his questioning glance, said: "It serves me, sire, to keep my necessities." The Emperor opened the drawer and found a box of safety pins and a photograph of a Lieutenant of his guard.

**See, my fraulein,** he said, "that your accessories are well chosen. An only congratulation you. All the young ladies who serve me as secretaries do not have the chance to provide themselves with such charming accessories."—Le Crieur de Paris.

## Well, What D'ye Think of That?

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



## Does the Present Titanic Struggle Mean the Downfall of Monarchy?

Remaking of Europe Series  
By HERBERT CAXTON

## Chapter 3—METTERNICH—Part 3

## The Trey O'Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance.  
Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance.

## SYNOPSIS

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O'Hearts" in the Times-Dispatch. The story is told in pictures at the Superior Theatre. Synopses of the story are given in the Times-Dispatch. The story is told in pictures at the Superior Theatre. Synopses of the story are given in the Times-Dispatch.

## CHAPTER XXX.—THE SIGNAL

Reverently he shouldered past the others, a tall, slender figure, and entered the room where the light of an oil lamp, he quickly made good his word, unbuttoning the stout oilskin belt he wore beneath his shirt and drew from one of its pockets a fald of parchment, drawing out the agent's eyes and mouth at one and the same time, and into the bargain struck a spark of respect from his first arrogance.

"All right," he grumbled, reopening the door of the telegraph booth, and making a second light inside. "There's blanks and a pencil. Write your message. It ain't often I do this—but I'll make an exception for you."

Alan delayed long enough only to make a few notes, drawing out the information that, for one who had not patience to wait the morning train northward, the quickest way to any city of importance was by boat across Buzzards Bay to New Bedford.

Boats, it was implied, were plentiful, readily to be chartered.

A timetable supplied all other needed advice. Alan wrote his message swiftly.

Addressed to Digby, his man of business in New York, it required that gentleman to arrange for a motor car to be in waiting on the waterfront of New Bedford from 3 P. M. until called for in the name of Mr. Law, as well as for a special train at Providence, on similar provisions.

The signal, Alan chattered merrily when, with hope in his new life, he saw him, he hurried forth from the station, heedless of the interest in him betrayed by two village loafers, trotted up the street, ordered food for three to be ready in a private room of the village hotel, secured a small flash of brandy (and a tot for himself) and set off.

But now, though he was all unprepared, of the fact, he went no more alone.

His shadow in the moonlight kept him company upon the sands, and above, on the edge of the clouds, another shadow moved on parallel courses, at a pace sedulously patterned after his.

He found his sweetheart and his friend much as he had left them, with this difference: that Mr. Barcus now lay flat on his back and snoring lustily.

It was no light task to rouse him; in the end, roused, he seemed to be indicated, and was duly administered. Dragged down to the water and dunked, Mr. Barcus came to his senses amid profane splutterings.

He was placated quickly enough, however, by Alan's news.

But when it was the turn of Reese, he faltered. She lay so still, betrayed her exhaustion so patently in every line of her unquivering face, as well as in the sharp pallor of her face, turned to the moon, that it seemed scarcely less than downright inhumanity to disturb her.

None the less, it had to be done. Alan hardened his heart, with the reminder of their urgent necessity, and eventually brought her to with the aid of a few drops of brandy.

Between them, they helped her up the beach, past the point, and at length to the door of the hotel, where, roused, she was the mere promise of food and rest, and was duly administered. Dragged down to the water and dunked, Mr. Barcus came to his senses amid profane splutterings.

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## From the Indianapolis News

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